

The Watchman and Southron.

The Sumter Watchman was founded in 1850 and the True Southron in 1866. The Watchman and Southron now has the combined circulation and influence of both of the old papers, and is manifestly the best advertising medium in Sumter.

BARTERING A BIRTH-RIGHT.

When a man barter his birth-right for a mess of pottage it galls him bitterly to lose the pottage. Hence the desperate fight the Carolina Glass Company grafters are making to retain their ill-gotten gains. Such low fellows as the Kentucky and Baltimore whiskey distillers, when caught with the goods, paid up promptly, some of them making restitution where it was doubtful that a suit at law would have forced them to disgorge, but the Carolina Glass crowd whose ancestry—according to their attorney—can be traced back at least two generations without fear of embarrassing discoveries, required a crow bar to pry them loose and then they raised a howl that is heard around the State. They say they are fighting for vindication, but vindication in this case seems to mean keeping the money and nothing more, for it will be utterly impossible to so fumigate the Carolina Glass Company's dispensary transactions as to eradicate the stench of graft that permeates them through and through. Was not the Carolina Glass Co., like the Richmond Distillery, called into existence to do a little business with the State dispensary? And did it not do the business to the great profit of interested parties at the expense of the State?

THE FLUTE WALKER LYNCHING.

Says the Newberry Observer: "The lynching of Flute Walker is not to be argued about. It is what ninety out of every hundred white men in South Carolina would do under like circumstances, and what an equal proportion of the white women would approve. He met his just fate—the fate that will overtake all who walk in his footsteps." That Flute Walker "met his just fate" in the sense that he merited swift punishment by death for the peculiarly diabolical crime which he had committed is, indeed, not a matter about which there is room for argument. But it does not follow that his lynching was justified. There is no room for doubt that had the lynchers trusted to the law he would have been accorded a speedy trial, followed by speedy punishment. There is no room for doubt that no community can take the law into its own hands without suffering evil as a result.

The instinct of white men to wreak summary vengeance upon brutes such as Flute Walker is explainable, although it does not find its impulse in the argument of the Observer that other black brutes are deterred thereby from committing like crimes, but thoughtful citizens ought always to exert their influence for the orderly execution of justice by due process of the law. One exception breeds another. If the mob be permitted to assume control in the punishment of one crime, they will extend their operations to cover other fiends such as he from "walking in his footsteps" is doubtful, but nothing is better established than that the community which countenances the commission of a lynching within its borders invariably suffers as a result. Were there any reason to distrust our Courts in these matters the case might be otherwise, but there is no such reason. Lynchings have decreased in number in South Carolina in recent years, and we are of the opinion that the manner in which Governor Haywood investigated those which occurred during his administration and the efforts which he made to bring the men taking part in lynchings to punishment had something to do with this result. Whether Governor Ansel will display a like vigor remains to be seen.—News and Courier.

The above is well said and should be heeded by all who wish this to continue a law-respecting country, but we fear it is labor lost. When such men as the editor of the Newberry Observer condone a lynch law, even when provocation is greatest, what ground for hope is there that a mob inflamed by passion and the excitement of the chase will stop to think of the courts and the orderly processes of the law? Lynch law is lawlessness and a retrogression toward that condition of savagery from which civilized society has emerged by thousands of years of effort and travail. The underlying spirit of lynch law is not the same as that which has

developed, by slow process our courts and system of law, but is a reversion to the spirit that actuated the skin clad savage of the stone age who pursued his enemy and beat out his brains with a club. The savage was excusable, because he had no courts to appeal to for justice between himself and his enemy. He was lawless and brutal, because he had no law save his own savage instincts—but conditions then and now are thousands of years apart, and civilized man cannot safely condone the acts of a mob when it ignores the laws that are the bulwarks of society and deports itself as did the savages of a lawless and savage age. Our laws and our courts furnish an adequate means of punishment for all crimes, and the people, who are all powerful, creating the courts and enacting the laws, cannot with safety ignore the courts and break their own laws, when under stress of passion and great provocation, the primitive instincts are uppermost and they are driven by blood lust to wreak summary vengeance upon the object of their hate. The individual that yields to base passions and lawless instincts becomes an outlaw and a menace to society; the community that ignores the courts, runs amuck, shooting, hanging, burning those who have incurred its displeasure, becomes a mob, reverts to anarchy and is a menace to society. Why apologize for, excuse or condone the acts committed by a mob, which, if committed by an individual, would be condemned by the very ones who defend the mob.

TO U. S. SUPREME COURT.

Next Move of Glass Company, According to Attorney.

Columbia, Nov. 29.—"On consideration thereof, the within petition is dismissed, per curiam," is the laconic endorsement made by the Supreme Court today, upon the petition of the Carolina Glass Company, for a rehearing of its suit, in the original jurisdiction of the Court, against the State dispensary commission.

Mr. Wm. H. Lyles, of counsel for the Glass Company, said Monday that if the rehearing sought should be denied his clients, the case would be appealed to the United States Supreme Court, and it is presumed that this resort will now be adopted.

The Glass Company will also sue the members of the dispensary commission, as individuals, upon the allegation—which was also set up in petition for rehearing—that the commission has, without due process of law, confiscated this property.

DEATH.

Miss Margaret S. Burgess, a sister of Mrs. M. J. Pierson, died at 3 o'clock Thursday at the residence of Mrs. Pierson, after several weeks illness, aged 64 years.

The funeral services were held at Mrs. Pierson's residence, 102 S. Sumter Street at 4 o'clock, Friday afternoon.

Mrs. R. S. Whilden died Wednesday night at 9:30 at her home on N. Washington street, aged 64 years.

The funeral services were held at the house, 216 North Washington street, at 11 a. m. and the interment took place at Bethel cemetery at 1 p. m. Friday.

Mrs. Whilden was raised in the Privateer neighborhood and has lived there until about six years ago when the family moved to Sumter where she has been living since. She was a daughter of the late Col. Wm. Nettles. She is survived by her husband and five children.

Mr. Alex Averback who has been a resident of Sumter nearly six years has become a naturalized citizen of the United States, having renounced allegiance to his native country, Russia, and received his naturalization papers on November 28th. He came direct to Sumter from Russia, stopping only one day in New York, en route, and upon his arrival here engaged in the clothing business, which he is still conducting at 40 S. Main street.

The Osteen job printing department is kept busy because the work turned out is standard quality, full count and delivered when promised. For immediate orders we are offering a fine quality of 10-pound cloth finished typewriter letter heads for \$2.50 per thousand. We picked up at a bargain a solid case of paper, costing regularly 19 cents a pound, and will accept orders at the price named while the case lasts only.

Philosophy is nothing but discretion.—John Seiden.

In reverence is the chief joy and power of life.—Ruskin.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.—Ruskin.

Never let familiarity exclude respect.—J. Vanbrugh.

THE FRUGAL DUTCH

Economical In Their Use of the Daily Papers.

ONE JOURNAL READ BY MANY

A Number of Families Will Subscribe For a Single Paper, Which Goes the Rounds—Some Thrifty Souls Will Only Rent Their Newspapers.

One thing visitors to Holland notice, and that is that no one on the streets or in the cars is seen reading a newspaper. Papers are not sold or hawked as they are in England and America. It is only when extremely important events take place and the papers print special "bulletins" that these are sometimes bought in the street. Usually the people content themselves by reading these same bulletins when they are displayed in the windows of cigar shops, booksellers' shops or at the offices of the newspapers, for the Dutch people economize in their reading matter. Many curious ways have been devised to reconcile economy with a plentiful supply of news and information.

Two, three or more families will combine to subscribe for one paper, which is then read by each in turn. The one who gets it first pays a little more than the later readers, and each may keep it for a stipulated time—an hour or perhaps two or three hours or half a day. In this way it is generally only the "head of the house" who gathers in any information. He monopolizes the paper as soon as it comes and keeps it as long as he can. The other members of the family then go without news or are only enriched by the crumbs of knowledge that now and then drop from the lips of paterfamilias.

Most of the daily papers in Holland are issued in the evening, but some of the more important ones publish morning editions as well. To subscribe for more than one paper is considered a terrible extravagance, and even a "whole" subscription for one family alone is looked upon as a luxury. At the clubs and the "coffee houses," the Dutch equivalent of the American saloon, there are always newspapers in profusion, and very many men do all their reading there and so save the subscription fees, for they don't count the cost of what they imbibe.

Many cigar shops and sometimes other stores have what they call "depots" of newspapers, and there you can also "rent" a paper and take it home with you for a certain length of time for very little money indeed.

But the longing for information of the average Dutchman of the middle classes extends far beyond the daily papers. He wishes to know all about his neighbors far and near, and at the same time he wants to keep up his knowledge of the languages learned at school. For these purposes reading societies are formed either among friends or people living in the same neighborhood, or perhaps all the officers of a certain regiment will combine; then a committee will be selected from among the members on which will devolve the task of selecting suitable weekly papers or monthly magazines in English, French, German and Dutch and to circulate these among the members of the society. These books and papers are sent round in large portfolios either once or twice a week, as may have been agreed upon. So those joining such a society can read all the best English, American, German and Dutch periodicals at a slight cost.

Of course you don't always get the magazines as soon as they come out. This is carefully regulated according to the size of your contribution, and many people read their Christmas stories in June. Still, it keeps up an interest in the world at large and helps to keep fresh in the mind all that has been learned in youth.

If the head of the house gets most of the daily papers it is with the periodicals that the other members of the household have their innings. They can read them while father is at his bureau or at his office. Sometimes an enterprising bookseller starts one or more circulating portfolios in his neighborhood, and this is managed on the same lines as the private reading societies.

At the end of the year the old periodicals and books that have been the round of all the subscribers are sold by auction among the members of the association.

People visiting Holland are often surprised to find how well nearly every one in the country speaks foreign languages and how much he knows of the literature of other lands. If we take the above facts into consideration it will no longer seem so astonishing.—W. J. L. Klehl in Chicago News.

The Right Flavor.

The oxen had belonged to an old sea captain, and their new owner was unable to back the animals round in a narrow street despite all efforts with voice and ox goad.

The old captain appeared on the scene. "Hard aground, are ye?" he called. Then, seizing the ox goad, he raised the old boat steersman's cry, "Starboard!" The huge hulks slowly backed at the familiar call. "Starboard!" The beasts swayed sideways, turned to the right, and the thing was done.—Success Magazine.

Success is not in an endeavor to do a great thing, but in repeated endeavors to do greater things.—Henry F. Cope.

All art is in its origin connected with religion.—Ulrich.

MAILED LETTERS.

Belong to the Senders Until Delivered to the Addressees.

Under the postal regulations and the rulings of the highest courts of the United States a letter does not belong to the person to whom it is sent until it is delivered to him. The writer has a right to reclaim and regain possession of it, provided he can prove to the satisfaction of the postmaster at the office from which it was sent that he was the writer of it. Even after the letter has arrived at the office which is its destination and before it has been delivered to the person to whom it is addressed it may be recalled by the writer by telegraph through the mailing office.

The regulations of the postoffice department of course require that the utmost care shall be taken by the postmaster at the office of mailing to ascertain that the person who desires to withdraw the letter is really the one who is entitled to do so, and a postmaster is responsible for his error if he delivers the letter to an impostor or an unauthorized person.

The vital principle in our political system lies at the bottom of this matter. In this country the state is the servant or agent of the citizen, not his master. It remains merely his agent throughout the transmission of a letter. The state may prescribe regulations under which its own servants may carry a message for the citizen, but it cannot shirk its responsibility to him.—New York Press.

ST. BERNARD DOGS.

These Famous Life Saving Animals Are Said to Be Mongrels.

Among American tourists in Switzerland there is much rivalry for securing "real" St. Bernards to take home with them. They evidently do not know that the St. Bernards are mongrels. The original St. Bernards saw the light toward the end of the fourteenth century. The mother was a Wallis shepherd dog, the sire a mongrel of a Great Dane and a Spanish mountain mastiff.

In the winter of 1812 nearly all the dogs lost their lives in the snow. In 1816 the last St. Bernard dog died. But a monk of Martigny had a mongrel St. Bernard, and this was crossed with Wallis sheep dogs. The breeding being done in scientific manner, the present race of St. Bernards, though mongrel, like the first, is better and stronger than the old ones, it is said.

The railways have made use of St. Bernards almost unnecessary now, yet they continue on the old stand in winter when the snow lies high. Only the male dogs are used for rescuing men in distress. They are followed by men on snowshoes, who carry provisions. Each of the older dogs has one or more young companions, which he teaches the business.—Boston Post.

Seen in a Dream.

Mr. Hilprecht, professor of Assyriology in the University of Pennsylvania in 1893, when puzzling over sketches of objects excavated at Babylon, learned in a dream the solution to the difficulty that confronted him. Two drawings represented fragments of agate inscribed with characters. They were supposed to be bits of finger rings and, being apparently of different colors, were not closely associated together by the professor. But in a dream he saw an Assyrian priest, who told him how the priests of the Temple of Bel, having received a votive cylinder of agate from their king, were ordered to make earrings for their god. They made three by cutting up the cylinder, and the professor would find by fitting the fragments together that these were two of them. He did this and found that they gave a continuous description.

Helping Him Out.

For years Squire Latham, of whom many amusing stories are told, was a resident of Bridgewater, Mass., and it was while he was living there that the incident occurred which is related below. It illustrates his habitual coolness and whimsical temper.

He was awakened one night by his wife, who told him she thought there were burglars in the house. The squire put on his dressing gown and went downstairs. In the back hall he found a rough looking man trying to open a door that led into the back yard.

The burglar had unlocked the door and was pulling it with all his might. "It doesn't open that way, you idiot!" shouted the squire, taking in the man's predicament instantly. "It slides back!"

Not a Disease.

"I can't understand my husband, doctor. I am afraid there is something terrible the matter with him."

"What are his symptoms?" "Well, I often talk to him for half an hour at a time, and when I get through he hasn't the least idea what I've been saying."

"Don't worry any more about your husband. I wish I had his gift."

All Depends.

"I don't like to listen to hard luck stories. Do you?"

"That depends on whether they are reminiscences or the preliminaries to a touch."—Washington Herald.

Warned.

"Too many cooks spoil the broth," quoted the wise guy.

"Yes, just as too many appetizers spoil the appetite," agreed the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

It doesn't take any grit to grumble.—Chicago Tribune.

God's pleasure is at the end of our prayers.—Quarles.

THEY BORED HIM.

And They Came Mighty Near Boring Him Again With Lead.

The dread of boredom is strongly characteristic of the present age, but few hate it with such intensity as the artist who lived in Paris in the days of the commune and of whom C. E. Halle speaks in his "Notes of a Painter's Life."

"A friend of mine," says Mr. Halle, "told me that he was in the studio of an artist when it was visited by a detachment of soldiers. The usual question about the possession of arms was asked and answered in the negative, but one of the soldiers found a gun in the corner of the studio, and on his evidence the owner was told that he must come out and be shot. My friend was very fond of him, so he asked to be allowed to see the gun. It was given to him, and with the help of a pencil he passed his handkerchief a few inches down the barrel and brought it out brown with rust. He pointed out that if the gun had been used the inside of the barrel must have been black with powder and not brown with rust, so the artist was let off.

"My friend asked the artist why he had not himself suggested this simple test, and all the answer he got was: 'Oh, they bored me. I would rather any day be shot than bored.'"

A POET AT WORK.

The Bumping May Have Helped Wordsworth Out a Bit.

To see a poem in the making, the uninitiated are apt to think, should prove an interesting sight. Unfortunately they will probably be disappointed if the description, quoted by the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley in "Literary Associations of the English Lakes," of Wordsworth at work is to be credited. An old retainer of the family furnished this account of Wordsworth walking up and down his terrace composing:

"Mr. Wordsworth went bumping and booting about, and she, Miss Dorothy, kept close behind him and picked up bits as he let fall, and she'd take 'em down and put 'em on paper for him, and you may be very well sure as how she didn't understand or make sense out of 'em, and I doubt that he didn't have much idea about 'em either himself. But, however, there's a gey lot of fowk as wad, I dare say.

"He would start a-bumping at one end of the walk, and it was 'Bum, bum, bum!' till he stopped, and then 'Bum, bum, bum!' back again. Then he'd set down and get a bit of paper out and write a bit; then git up and 'Bum, bum, bum!' and go on a-bumping right down the terrace and back again. I suppose the bumping helped him out a bit."

France Has Run the Gamut.

No other modern nation has undergone changes more frequent, more radical, more sudden, bloody and dramatic. In forms of government France has boxed the compass—has been feudal, monarchical, imperial, republican and revolutionary. She has sounded the depths of royal absolutism and of communistic anarchy; has made and unmade constitutions in the pathetic effort to get one that would fit; has known a military despotism which bluntly told the women to marry and bear children in order that Napoleon might be continuously supplied with troops; has known an absolute monarchy where a graceful manner was more effective at court than a head well filled with sense and has known a government of the rabble under which there was an insurrection against property and death sentences passed against citizens for the sin of wearing aristocratic names and clean shirts.—From "The Story of France," by Thomas E. Watson.

The Point of View.

The world in which a man lives shapes itself chiefly by the way in which he looks at it, and so it proves different to different men. To one it is barren, dull and superficial; to another, rich, interesting and full of meaning. On hearing of the interesting events which have happened in the course of a man's experience many people will wish that similar things had happened in their lives, too, completely forgetting that they should be envious rather of the mental aptitude which lent these events the significance they possess when he describes them. To a man of genius they were interesting adventures, but to the dull perceptions of an ordinary individual they would have been stale, everyday occurrences.—Schopenhauer.

A Tinge of Suspicion.

"That speaker always starts off," said Farmer Cornstossel, "by telling what the country needs."

"Naturally and properly."

"I s'pose so. Only I notice that when a man goes out of his way to tell me what I need it's always something in his particular line of goods."

—Washington Star.

Hard Work.

"Why did you tell me you were working your way through college?"

"I am."

"But nobody seems to know about it."

"Certainly not; my work consists of getting money from dad."—Buffalo Express.

Her Weekly Allowance.

Freda—So you have a weekly allowance from your father? Hilda—Yes, he allows me to have a gentleman caller two nights a week.—Lippincott's.

The way to get out of self-love is to love God.—Phillips Brooks.

ELKS MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Programme Announced for the Memorial Exercises—The Officers of Sumter Lodge.

The Elks' Memorial services, which will be held at the Academy of Music at 8 o'clock on next Sunday evening, will be very largely attended by the relatives and friends of the members of Sumter Lodge, and by those interested in the Order. There will be no invitations issued, and the public will be welcomed. No one, however, will be seated after the commencement of the exercises.

The following is the programme:

Funeral March Chopin
Orchestra.
Opening Ceremonies Ritual
Solo—"My Lord and My Savior"
Miss Alexander. Dudley Buck.
Prayer Dr. David Klein.
One Sweetly Solemn Thought, Ambrose.
Orchestra.
Eulogy—"Our Departed Dead"
Bro. C. H. Foster.
Thanatopsis Bro. W. L. McCutchen.
Solo—"God Shall Wipe Away all Tears From Their Eyes."
Mr. M. C. Lumpkin. Sullivan.
Memorial Address.
Bro. K. G. Finley.
Columbia Lodge No. 1190.
Closing Ceremonies, Ritual.
Duet—"The Invisible Land."
Herbert Leolie.
Miss Alexander and Mr. Lumpkin.
Benediction, Dr. C. C. Brown.
March—"Rigoloso"
W. Parish Chambers.
Orchestra.

Officers of Sumter Lodge Are:
Exalted Ruler, Geo. D. Levy.
Esteemed Leading Knight, J. H. Myers.
Esteemed Loyal Knight, L. I. Strauss.
Esteemed Lecturing Knight, C. H. Foster.
Secretary, P. S. Finn.
Treasurer, J. M. Harby.
Esquire, Geo. C. Warren.
Chaplain, W. J. Seale.
Inner Guard, J. H. Forbes.
Tiler, J. E. King.
Trustees,
James Calk, J. C. Huger,
F. A. Bultman.

Memorial Committee.
W. J. Seale, Chairman.
P. S. Finn, Geo. C. Warren,
L. I. Strauss, J. V. Wilson.
The George Taylor up before the recorder on last Friday was a negro and not the young white man of the same name who works at the Sumter Oil Mill.
The devil has his martyrs among men.—Dutch.

FOR SALE—One thousand bushels best white corn, good enough for seed, at one dollar per bushel; three first rate mules, two horses, work in double or single harness; fairly good saddle gaiters; three good farm wagons, some farming implements. Apply S. W. Raffield, Agent, Mayesville, S. C. 1126-tf.

WANTED—To buy 1,000 lightwood or cypress post, delivered in Sumter. C. H. DuRant, Phone 175.
W-1t-11-30.

FOR SALE—A very attractive farm of 232 acres. Three tenant houses and outbuildings. Land lies perfectly level and within 7 miles of Sumter over a clay road. Location all that could be desired. W. L. Saunders, Sumter, S. C. R. F. D. No 3. 12-2-bt.

FOR RENT—At Stateburg a first class two or four-horse farm. Four room cottage and necessary outbuildings. Lands in condition to make a bale of cotton per acre. For prices and particulars apply to W. L. Saunders, Sumter, S. C. R. F. D. No 3. 12-2-4t.

SEED CORN—The committee for the Boys' Corn Club has remaining on hand about fifteen bushels of the selected corn entered for seed corn prize. Each bushel was selected with care and is the best seed corn to be had in Sumter County. It will be sold for \$2 per bushel. Apply to S. D. Cain, County Superintendent of Education.
11-22-8t w

FOR SALE—Sheep and goats, in pairs or two's. Great for cleaning out under brush. Prices as to size and quality. Sold out of sheep skins. E. W. Dabbs, Mayesville, S. C. 11-9-1-24w-tf-W-tf

FOR SALE—Several sows and gilts, some with pigs and some due to have pigs soon. Several pure bred Berkshire pigs, both sexes. Something choice in both lots. E. W. Dabbs, Mayesville, S. C. 11-19-1-24w-tf-W-tf

FOR SALE—Seed corn from prize acre. None but choice ears, 70 pounds in ear for \$3.00. Without extra selection, rated third by Judges in seed contest. Jas. McBride Dabbs, Mayesville, S. C. 11-19-1-24w-tf-W-tf